NUMB. CCCXCVIII.

The SPECTATOR.

Insanire pares certa ratione modoque. Hor.

Friday, June 6. 1712.

Cynthio and *Flavia* are Persons of Distinction in this Town, who have been Lovers these ten Months last past, and writ to each other, for Gallantry Sake, under feigned Names; Mr. Such a one and Mrs. such a one not being capable of raising the Soul out of the ordinary Tracts and Passages of Life, up to that Elevation which makes the Life of the Enamoured so much superiour to that of the rest of the World. But ever since the beauteous *Cecilia* has made such a Figure as she now does in the Circle of charming Women, *Cynthio* has been secretly one of her Adorers. *Latitia* has been the finest Woman in Town these three Months, and so long *Cynthio* has acted the Part of a Lover very awkwardly in the Presence of *Flavia*. *Flavia* has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an Heart of her own to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this Change of Mind to any one less engaged than she was. *Cynthio* was musing Yesterday in the Piazza in *Covent Garden*, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill Man to go on in visiting and professing Love to *Flavia*, when his Heart was enthraled to another. It is an Inhumanity that I am not constant to *Flavia*; but it would be still a greater Crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a Woman with the Coldness that usually indeed succeeds on after Marriage, is ruining ones self with one's Eyes open; besides, it is really doing her an Injury. This last Consideration, forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable Opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this Thought, he met *Robin* the Porter, who waits at *Will*'s Coffee-house, passing by. *Robin*, you must know, is the merriest Man in Town for carrying a Billet; the Fellow has a thin Body, swift Step, demure Look, sufficient Sense, and knows the Town. This Man carried *Cynthio*'s first Letter to *Flavia*, and by frequent Errands ever since, is well known to her. The Fellow covers his Knowledge of the Nature of his Messages with the most exquisite low Humour imaginable: The first he obliged *Flavia* to take, was by complaining to her that he had a Wife and three Children, and if she did not take that Letter, which, he was sure, there was no Harm in, but rather Love, his Family must go supperless to Bed, for the Gentleman would pay him according as he did his Business. *Robin* therefore *Cynthio* now thought fit to make use of, and gave him Orders to wait before *Flavia*'s Door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was *Cynthio* who passed by, he should at first be loath to own it was, but upon Importunity confess it. There needed not much Search in that Part of the Town to find a well dressed Hussey fit for the Purpose *Cynthio* designed her. Assoon as he believed *Robin* was posted, he drove by *Flavia*'s Lodgings in an Hackney-Coach and a Woman in it. *Robin* was at the Door talking with *Flavia*'s Maid, and *Cynthio* pull'd up the Glass as surprized, and hid his Associate. The Report of this Circumstance soon flew up Stairs, and *Robin* could not deny but the Gentleman favoured his Master; yet if it was he, he was sure the Lady was but his Cousin whom he had seen ask for him; adding, that he believed she was a poor Relation, because they made her wait one Morning till he was awake. *Flavia* immediately writ the following Epistle, which *Robin* brought to *Will*'s.

SIR, *March* 4, 1712.

'IT is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of Mankind, my Maid, as well as the Bearer, saw 'you.

The injured Flavia.

After *Cynthio* had read the Letter, he aked *Robin* how she looked, and what she said at the Delivery of it. *Robin* said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the Men in the World go out of her Sight; but the Maid followed, and bid him bring an Answer.

Cynthio returned as follows.

Madam, *June* 4, *Three Afternoon*, 1712.

'THAT your Maid and the Bearer has seen 'me very often is very certain; but I desire 'to know, being engaged at Picket, what your 'Letter means by *'tis in vain to deny it*. I shall 'stay here all the Evening.

Your amazed Cynthio.

In

As soon as *Robin* arrived with this, *Flavia* answered,

Dear Cynthio,

'I Have walked a Turn or two in my Anti-'chamber since I writ to you, and have re-'covered my self from an impertinent Fit which 'you ought to forgive me; and desire you would 'come to me immediately, to laugh off a Jealousy 'that you and a Creature of the Town went by in 'an Hackney-Coach an Hour ago.

I am your most humble Servant,

Flavia.

'I will not open the Letter which my *Cynthio* 'writ, upon the Misapprehension you must have 'been under when you writ for want of hearing 'the whole Circumstance.

Robin came back in an Instant, and *Cynthio* answered;

Madam, *Half Hour, six Minutes after Three,* June 4, Will's *Coffee-house.*

'IT is certain I went by your Lodgings with a 'Gentlewoman to whom I have the Honour 'to be known, she is indeed my Relation, and a pret-'ty sort of Woman. But your starting Manner of 'Writing, and owning you have not done me the 'Honour so much as to open my Letter, has in it 'something very unaccountable, and alarms one 'that has had Thoughts of passing his Days with 'you. But I am born to admire you with all your 'little Imperfections.

Cynthio.

Robin run back; and brought for Answer;

'EXact Sir, that are at *Will's* Coffee-house six 'Minutes after Three, June 4; one that has 'had Thoughts, and all my little Imperfections. 'Sir, come to me immediately, or I shall deter-'mine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.

Flavia.

Robin gave an Account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the Letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that *Cynthio* only looked at the Clock, taking Snuff, and writ two or three Words to the Top of the Letter when he gave him his.

Now the Plot thickened so well, as that *Cynthio* saw he had not much more to do to accomplish being irreconciliably banished, he writ,

Madam,

'I Have that Prejudice in Favour of all you do, 'that it is not possible for you to determine 'upon what will not be very pleasing to,

Your obedient Servant,

Cynthio.

This was delivered, and the Answer returned, in a little more than two Seconds.

SIR,

'IS it come to this? You never loved me; and 'the Creature you were with is the properest 'Person for your Associate. I despise you, and 'hope I shall soon hate you as a Villian to

The Credulous Flavia.

Robin ran back, with,

Madam,

'YOUR Credulity when you are to gain your 'Point, and Suspicion when you have to 'lose it, make it a very hard Part to behave as be-'comes

Your humble Slave,

Cynthio.

Robin whipt away, and returned with,

Mr. *Wellford,*

'*Flavia* and *Cynthio* are no more. I relieve you 'from the hard Part of which you complain, 'and banish you from my Sight for ever.

Ann Hunt.

Robin had a Crown for his Afternoon's Work; and this is published to admonish *Cecilia* to avenge the Injury done to *Flavia.*

Not Acted these three Years.

For the Benefit of Mr. THURMOND.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians.

AT the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane on Monday next, being the 9th of June, will be Revived The comical History of Don Quixote. The Part of Don Quixote by Mr. Bowen, Sancho by Mr. Leigh, Marcella by Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. the Bucksome by Mrs. Bignell, A Country Maid by Mrs. Shadwell and all the other Parts to the best Advantage: With Songs and Dances proper to the Play. And several new Dances to be performed by Mr. Thurmond and others, particularly a Dance of two Shippers by him and and Mr. Wade, being the first Time of his Dancing since his Sickness. By her Majesty's Command, no Persons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

Lost on Sunday the 25th of May, at 12 a Clock at Noon, a white Italian Greyhound Bitch with dark brown Spots on the Head and Tail, pretty fat. Whoever brings her to Mr. Bowles at the Golden-Ball in Pall-Mall, shall have a Crown Reward.

In a Cellar under Mr. Hanborow's in Bucklersbury near Cheapside, is continued to be sold by Retale a Parcel of choice old French Brandy, of a curious Taste and Flavour, at 10 s. per Gallon. Any Person taking 10 Gallons or upwards shall have it for 9 s. and 6 d. per Gallon. There is likewise to the same Cellar to be sold by Retale, a Parcel of choice old red Galicia Wines, of last Years Growth, neat as they came from the Grape, at 4 s. per Gallon.

At Whitton in Middlesex is to be Lett (with Land or without, and with Furniture or without) a very good fashionable House of 8 Rooms on a Floor, with Sash Windows and Closets, a very good Offices, Landry, Brew-house and Dove-house, Coach house and Stables, and very handsome Gardens wall'd round and planted with the best Fruit, adorn'd with Statues, fine Greens, and a Wilderness, and Kitchen Gardens, all lying compact. It is between Isleworth and Twickenham, about 10 Miles from London, 5 from Brentford, 3 from Kingston, 2 from Richmond, and between 2 and 3 from Hampton-Court. Enquire of Mr. Thomas Jackson Surgeon at Twickenham, or at Tom's Coffee-house in Devereux-Court near the Temple, London.

At the old Warehouse, is just now made up a fresh Parcel of Morning-Gowns for Men and Women of Brocade, rich Damasks, Tabbies, Callicoes and Stuffs, with very suitable Linnings; and will be sold much cheaper than the Shops can sell the Goods being bought of People that broke. Several pieces to sell under the same Notion, but the greatest Choice and best Prices worths is at the golden Sugar-Loaf right against the House at Charing-Cross, with the newest sort of Canvis and Quilted Petticoats.

Just Publish'd,

Dissenters and other unauthorized Baptism Null and Void, by the Articles, Canons, and Rubricks of the Church of England: In answer to a Pamphlet, call'd, The Judgement of the Church of England in the Case of Lay-Baptism and of Dissenting Baptism: By the Author of Lay Baptism invalid. Printed for Henry Clements at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Church-yard, where may be had Sacerdotal Powers, by the same Author.

The famous Bavarian Red Liquor:

Which gives such a delightful blushing Colour to the Cheeks of those that are White or Pale, that it is not be distinguished from a natural fine Complexion, nor perceived to be artificial at by the nearest Friend. Is nothing of Paint, or in the least hurtful, but good in many Cases to be taken inwardly. It renders the Face delightfully handsome and beautiful; is not subject to be rub'd off like Paint, therefore cannot be discovered by the nearest Friend. It is certainly the best Beautifier in the World. Is sold only at Mr. Pyne's Toyshop, at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapside, at 2 s. 6 d. a Bottle, with Directions.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

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